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OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Helpmeet For Him.

'Hugh, who's this?'

'What in the world have you got hold of?'

'Photograph of a young woman with a parasol, holding her head down, and looking at the audience through her bangs. Who is she?'

'Look on the back. I generally label them.'

'You've labeled this extensively: 'Gypsy,' 'Gypsy,' 'Gypsy,' and a lot of French:

'Toi, lumiere et couleur,
Explosion de chaleur
Dans ma noire Siberie!'

'I say she's rather youthful to cause such an explosion de chaleur'—I retain the expression—in a man of your years and dignity. Who is she?'

'You wouldn't believe me if I told you.'

'Tax my credulity so far.'

'That is a picture of my wife.'

'Bosh! You never were married.'

'Didn't I tell you, you wouldn't believe me?'

'No, but really, you know. Oh, come no fooling! Do you mean sincerely and earnestly that—pshaw! It couldn't be, and nobody knows it. Does mother know it?'

'Scarcely.'

'Well, does anybody know it?'

'You know it.'

'Anyone else?'

'Near a whole city full.'

'How do you mean? Where's the girl—young lady?'

'In her grave.'

'Was she pretty?'

'Just as you see her there. Not a regular temptation of St. Anthony.'

'Tell me all about your career as monsieur Le Mari.'

'Career! I was married just two months. But I shall not require you to pump for the story; I shall a plain, unvarnished tale deliver. From my earliest childhood I have been the slave of a misguiding tendency—the unconquerable desire, which attacks me periodically, to escape from the people with whom I am living, and to go off and bury myself in unearthly, out-of-the-way places, to sever all connection with the world I belong to, and refresh myself with a drought of novelty, as it were. Nervous figure! It does me good, and anon I turn up where I am due, brisk and shining, in trim to do battle with the commonplace again. The need, however, is none the less to be deplored, it shows something radically wrong in a man when he lacks steadfastness to continue—I see that you are not attending, which pains me as I was speaking for your good. When I was your age—that is two years older—I came into my property. Heavens and earth, what a little fool I made of myself! Wild! The regulation hawk is an antique feather duster compared, for know, thou noble youth, that I had no elder brother, like some ungrateful urchins, to see that I took my fling by mild degrees, so that the giddy world should not burst upon my astonished gaze in a too dazzling ensemble, but I was, as it were, an only son left with an only mother and I received the bringing up of the maiden. Not the American, Henry James maiden, but the French maiden, the Chinese maiden, such was my [illegible] seclusion—[illegible] being my mamma's safeguard against the temptations of life for her boy. I dreamed dreams and saw visions as I sat reading Walter Scott to my adored parent, in the sweet domestic calm of my 'evenings at home,' and when I was legally free and in funds, I made use of my liberty and my means. Now this riot was wrong. But, marry, how was it wrong. Because it undermined brother's constitution, and made him a pale wreck, to whom French cooking became a terror, and late hours suicide, and still there was found no glorious strength of will in brother to check his mad career, and pull up in time, and be a good boy, at least until the machine had had rest and was ready to begin over again. This lasted a year, when suddenly, out of the clouds came the longing to cut the whole thing, and plunge into the wilds. Not because I was sick and exhausted, not because I was in debt, not because I was in a bad scrape with—well, with a woman, as usual, thought all these things were there; because I positively loathed the familiarity of the things around me, and 'e'en for change of scene—but Byron is out of fashion. It was keen joy to me to imagine my old cronies saying: 'What's become of him?' 'Who's seen him?' etc. I had a vague idea of where I was going, and I went there. I shall not tell you where it is, but it is the countriest county you ever tried to imagine, and in the loneliest, saddest, wildest place in it was the cottage I occupied. A man and his wife lived there, queer [illegible], who reciprocated this my [illegible], and whose simultaneous 'Well, I'll be goldurned,' when I first appeared in knickerbockers, and a 'three-[illegible]' was the richest thing I ever heard off the stage. When I began to get stronger, and offered to help the old man float his logs down the flume, he began to think my lunacy might be turned to account.

'There are two things which I adore—a bridge of any description, and a woman looking out a window. The more rustic the bridge and the wider the stream it spans, the prettier the woman and the more be-creepered the window, [illegible] the intenser my flame; but I adore these things even at the low degree of loveliness. I must add one thing more—the whirr of wings; but that is neither here or there, while the bridge and window belong to my tale. There was a rushing, gushing, boiling, gurgling little stream about half a mile from the cottage, and there was a stiff, well built, practical bridge over it, part of a road to the distant town, and there I used to stand for an hour at a time, watching the stream and the scarfs of haze in the redwoods.

'One morning the old man did not breakfast with us, and when I asked his wife where he was her laconic response was: 'Gone for the child.' Supposing it was either his daughter or a female servant, I inquired no further, and spent the day wandering over the hills. In the evening I went to stand on my favorite bridge. Presently plod, plod, came horses feet, puffing up the fine, white dust and creak, creak, the wagon. The old man was driving, and by his side sat a little girl with a dark, little face, and a civilized traveling dress.

'She looked full into my eyes with singular frankness, as she drove by, and blushed so vividly that I knew she was not a little girl after all, but a young lady; and what in the name of prudence was she doing out here in the mountains? I slowly followed the wagon to the house.

'The young lady supped with us, but was very silent. Once, quite unconsciously it seemed she pressed her hand hard upon her breast and sighed to the depths of her lungs. Our landlord and lady said no word to render our situation less embarrassing, so although we caught each other's eyes sometimes, we continued strangers. I went off for another stroll after supper, and, coming back about nine o'clock, stopped in front of the door to finish a cigar. Some one above me said.

'Look up.'

'I obeyed, and there was 'the child' leaning out of the window.

'Come down,' said I.

'She didn't dare, she advised me to climb up to her. We had some brilliant conversation about elopements, and said good night. The next morning at breakfast we conversed as if we had known each other for years, and went off to walk like brother and sister.

'Our talk was aggressively personal. I asked her bluntly what brought her to the cottage, and she told me that her father had married a new wife, who had managed to send her away.

'But not to this place,' I insisted.

'No, to the town,' she said, 'but it was hateful and lonely there, and she knew a servant of her father's had married and was living somewhere in that country, and she had succeeded in getting a letter to the woman, who had consented to take charge of her.

'But this is lonelier than the town,' said I.

'Yes—but——' Another vivid blush.

'I teased her to tell me, and it appeared that an objectionable man was there, who was in love with her, and of whom she was becoming afraid. I asked her if in time she would become afraid of me, and ran still farther into the woods. She said no, because she knew I was in love with some one else.

'That's true,' said I. 'And you—are not you in love with some one else?'

'Some one!' she cried with her deep laugh. 'I'm so in love with three boys at home that I am nearly distracted. That's the reason my father was willing I should go away. I went everywhere with them. I am not good, you know; I am bad, just as bad as I can be.' Then she pouted and looked at me as she looks in that picture.

'What makes you so bad?' I asked.

'Because my skin is so dark,' said she, promptly. 'If I were fair, like you, I'd be a Christian girl, but as it is, I do not care for anything.'

'She had been, to say the least of it gay. The adventures she had been through with those youths, her admirers, made my hair rise, while the naive way in which she told it all, always taking the blame herself, and saying, like Topsy, 'I's so wicked,' half redeemed the tale; but the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it! Before I knew it, I was deeply, uncontrolably in love with her. She was so easy to love, as it were; it all came about so naturally, small fire brand that she was! She seemed to love her little life out, always saying that she did not care if she never saw me again, and drawing remarkable pictures of how she would lacerate my heart by her love affairs with other men if the occasion ever presented itself; but as long as we were in the backwoods I thought I could afford to laugh. Sometimes when I was tired, and quiet, and cross, I used to say, 'Gypsy, Gypsy, you are a very rapid [illegible];' and then she would be sad and still all day. She was an intrepid rider, and when she tore up hill and down dale at a hand-gallop, without drawing rein, woman fashion, she really brought my heart into my mouth.

'You'll kill yourself, some day,' said I, angrily.

'Indeed, I shan't,' she retorted, with almost passionate earnestness; 'nothing can hurt me. I shall live till I am ninety.' She was seventeen then, and the smallest girl of her age I ever saw, and yet her hold on life and avaricious delight in it were like some battered old beauty of fifty. The strength and recklessness of her nature were appalling, at least they would be to me now.

'About this time there began to grow over me a horrible consciousness. I was getting bored. To you, who have been bored only at a dull play or a tiresome conversation—in short, bored pour cause—this statement does not begin to convey its full tragic force. To be bored comes to me like a stifling, rising marsh-tide. It is to be weary when I have made no exertion, irritable when my nerves and health are perfectly balanced, morose with plenty of money, silent and absent-minded though Sidney Smith and Lady Blessington should unite their efforts to engage me in conversation. I asked the Gypsy if she was ever thus. 'No!' she cried out, indignantly, with a clenching of her small fists and a stiffening of her whole sinewy little frame. It made me languid to see her. 'You live too hard,' said I.

'I became worse instead of better, and it was borne in upon me that nothing could console me but the sight and sound of the sea.

'Gypsy,' said I, 'did you ever see the sea?' She shook her head. She had always lived in an inland Western city.

'There is not only music in its roar,' said I 'but the bitter laugh of the conquerer, did you know that?'

'Now you are talking nonsense,' quoth Gypsy, with conviction.

'Nonsense or not, I am bored here, and I am going to the sea. These mountains crush me, said I, thinking aloud. She caught at the words like a little fury.

'You are going away?' she panted.

'I must,' said I. This was beginning to look promising; the child was not just what you'd call reserved, and I was bored enough not to care to soothe her.

'I am going with you, she announced.

'Without a chaperon? Gypsy you shock me,' said I, laughing.

'She paused a moment, and then threw herself into my arms.

'Look here, you young electric shock, do not do that again without some appreciable preparation, said I.

'Iceberg, stern, cruel, hateful!'—these were her complimentary names for me—'you would not go away, will you?'

'Why, child, I must.' I clung to my plan for sheer obstinacy. I was trembling from head to foot, and ready to promise her anything if she had but known it. 'I would not be gone long, but indeed I do not want you to see me in this melancholy fit; we might quarrel and you would not like that. I will come back, I swear it, by—Gypsy, do you believe in anything?'

'Not in you,' she said, wearily.

'The night before I was to start she was so gay that I was vaguely alarmed.

'Gypsy,' said I, 'do you mean to run away before I come back?'

'You know better, said she, bitterly.

'What do you mean to do?' I persisted. 'You have got some scheme in your wicked little head; what is it? Do not run away, for, by heavens, I will come after you? I shall find you no matter where you are, and I shall have you for mine no matter who you are with; so look out what you do.' She laughed and flashed her eyes. In the evening she used to wear a smoking-cap of mine, which suited her Moorish face exactly. She had a tea spoonful of dark blood in her, I know she had.

'It was extremely early in the morning when I started, but I could not help glancing up at her window. There she was, holding her little black and red Rob Roy shawl close up about her throat, while her dark hair hung around her face. I lifted my hat to her and then held out my arms. She laughed, and said, in a hard, common little tone that always grated on my nerves:

'Would not you be sorry for this, my boy?—that's all.'

'Those were our adieux, and when the old man and I had been driving in silence for about an hour, he vouchsafed:

'I think you are sensible to leave here. The child's taken a likin' to you.'

'She's hardly more than a child,' said I.

'Child, is she?' said he. 'Well, she's a knowin' one.' At which I could not control a smile.

'The sea consoled me. I shook off my boredom and made some pleasant friends without exactly knowing how. One family—a widow lady and her son and daughter—I saw very often during my stay in the city. I missed the Gypsy at every turn. She had struck herself into my life like the little blade she was, and I could not forget her. I used to wonder if I could get her to marry me, and come and live with me in this brown city, loved of the salt sea-wind. She was a wild, romantic little thing. I thought I could.

'Far out among the sand-dunes, some brilliant being, conceiving that the city would 'grow that way'—that is, right out into the bay—had reclaimed a garden and built a house. It was all on one floor, dark with wood-work, and luxuriously furnished. Its owner was too poor to live in it, and nobody else wanted it. I leased it, and rushed back into the redwoods. I walked in from the little town, and by this means overtook the Gypsy scuffling along with her dusty little shoes. A man was strolling by her side with his hands in his pockets. I could not hear what they were saying, but he left her at the meeting of two roads, and she pursued her way to the cottage alone. I came up softly behind her, and said, as quietly as if I had never been away:

'Who was that, Gypsy?'

She gave a little shriek, and started violently. Then she sat down on a log by the side of the road, and began to cry. These feminine demonstrations over, I repeated my question, and got an answer. The man was the terrible person before whom she had fled from the town where her step-mother had domiciled her.

'You have grown far less afraid of him in the time I have been away,' Said I. She chuckled.

'Are you jealous? Yes you are! Oh, you are frightfully jealous! Don't you wish you knew how he found out where I was? Don't you wish you knew what I've been about since you went away? But you'll never know.'

'See here, you elf,' said I, catching hold of her, as she fluttered along the road, 'the only thing I really want to know is whether you'll marry me, and go and live in a little house by the sea that I took possession of while I was gone?'

'What do you think she said? She clapped her hands and said: 'What fun!' with another gurgle of a laugh.

'And tell our people afterward,' she added, in a minute.

'And never tell our people unless we are obliged to,' said I. 'Give them something to think about; it will do them good.'

'But they send me letters and checks, you know, to the town; the old man always brings them out to me,' she persisted.

'Well, you practical young women, can't I order them addressed to our new home?' said I.

She consented to all my plans; the boldness of the move pleased and excited her, but our amazing imprudence and loneliness frightened her. She was an amusing study in those days.

'How I do trust you,' she used to say to me; 'I wonder what makes me.'

We galloped into town one day on horseback, and were married—she swore she was of age—and went on to our little house by the sea without returning to the cottage.

The whole escapade suited the Gypsy, and we spent three days of idiotically unclouded happiness. At the end of that time I went to look up the friends I had made on my previous visit. I did not tell any of them that I was married, except the widow lady and her son, and daughter, who congratulated me, and said they were anxious to see my wife. I invited them to call, and one day the mother and daughter made their appearance.

The Gypsy seemed to take one of her fervid fancies to the daughter, and when she was not hanging upon her accents and flattering her unmercifully, she appeared to be studying her critically. One evening, when I came home a little later than usual, my wife was not at the door to meet me, nor could I find her in the house, till, pausing at one of the windows, I saw her little figure down on the beach, and her old friend of the redwoods was at her side. Now I had the right to interfere.

I rushed down to the shore, and joined them. My wife introduced her companion to me.

It was a bad flaw in her nature that the admiration of a cad was not loathsome to her—for that the fellow was a cad was written all over him, and that he admired her was equally apparent. He walked up to the house with us, and departed with a silly smile meant to convey that he felt himself the interesting cause of displeasure on my part toward Gypsy. When that giddy young person and I were within doors, I took her gently in my arms, and told her, in easy words of one sylable, what caste, and good taste, and a delicate sense of honor are; while she kept protesting, with wide eyes; 'I don't like him; I hate him; I think he's just as horrid as you do. I told him I loved you.'

I winced. God! I writhed.

'You spoke of our feelings for each other to that thing?' said I.

'Why, of course, when he asked me!'

I pushed her away, and laid flat on my face on the lounge, groaning in spirit. I was in for it. What had I done! Should I take the girl to my mother to be taken care of? Should I shoot myself? The piano struck up. The Gypsy was playing gallops in a manner that indicated that she was perfectly furious. The next day I petted her, and made it up with her, and gave my solemn commands never to see the man again, if she valued my peace of mind or her own, and found him lunching with her. This time I attacked the hound myself, explained the situation in a few forcible words, and pitched him out of doors. The Gypsy didn't care. She was as placid as possible, rather pleased, and we went out riding, and whiled our time away as formerly. I tried to amuse her heaven knows. We rushed about the city, going to great public balls, and the sort of things she liked, and filling our house with noisy people, with whom she was flirting, betting and smoking. I was getting heartily tired and ashamed of myself of my infatuation. The only pleasant hours I spent were with the widow and her daughter. One afternoon when I was sitting with them my wife burst into the parlor, perfectly gorgeous in a velvet costume, and rattled away to these quiet people in a most astounding manner, dragging me off with her when her call was at an end. At home she seemed to be in a kind of paroxysm. She flung her little Paris hat on the floor, and, stripping off her gloves and bracelets, sent them flying after it. She tore at the lace-filled throat of her dress as if she were strangling.

'I'm going mad,' she panted—as indeed I observed—'I can't please you. I don't know what you want. Do you think I can sit with my hands folded and look out of the window all day? What do you wish me to do? What shall I do? You're killing me. You go to see those people because they're different from me. If you get tired of me you have ruined me, Hugh. Love me, love me!' and the wild little thing threw herself on the ground at my feet in a convulsion of grief. I see a kind of 'Oh, rare for Anthony!' expression in your face. Well, so it was, for once, but she wore herself and my patience to tatters, to very rags, by the repetition of such spasms. It was all too violent. human nature can't stand it. I was dictatorial and indifferent again, and she more reckless than ever. She started another friendship for a big, blonde fellow, with a disgraceful record. We quarrelled frightfully, and at last she went to ride with this man by moonlight, against my expressed command, and was thrown over her horse's head and killed, and that was the end of my Gypsy wife.

And you may think if I shun that city like the pestilence, and if the roar of the sea is hateful to me, and if the sudden sight of that photograph is not rather a shock, even though all this happened inside of three months, and was more than ten years ago. You think, in the pride of your nineteen green springs, that you could have ruled the Gypsy, but you could not, nor any other man.

'Behold it lies there overthrown, that house;
In its fair halls no summer shall carouse.
Its [illegible] rooms with strange [illegible] are filled;
No fire upon its crumbling hearth shall glow,
Seeing its desolation.'

Tush, so I am a man! O Gypsy, Gypsy!

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ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 23, 1882.

B. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

IT will come. A material shrinkage in values is beginning to be felt in many quarters.

READING pipe manufacturers recently attempted to force a reduction, and a strike followed. This is the beginning of "a tariff for revenue only."

THE coal miners in the neighborhood of Pittsburg have struck because of an attempted reduction of wages. We will now have a "tariff for revenue only."

EX SENATOR MORRILL, who has been lying very ill at Augusta, for some time, has no hope of recovery, and his physicians despair of his ever being any better.

ACCORDING to the decision of Judge Advocate General Swaim, an officer in the army need not pay his honest debts in order to save his reputation as an officer and a gentlemen.

THE greenbackers polled less than 23,000 votes and the political prohibitionists about 1,600 at the recent election in this state. Neither faction made themselves "felt" to a large extent.

ONE of our wicked exchanges is guilty of saying: "While the independents are thinking over the smallness of their vote, its effect and its reason, let them ask the question whether 400,000 voters in the republican party should be dictated to, ruled over and bossed by 43,000? It is not likely that one independent of the 43,000 will ask the question or would know how to answer it when asked.

IT will be generally conceded that the full democratic vote was polled in New York state, yet Cleveland received less than two thousand more votes than Hancock had, while Folger's vote was over 200,000 less than Garfield's. The figures show that the democrats made no great gains while about 200,000 republicans were disgusted and refused to vote at all. With a clean ticket and no cause for dissatisfaction with the methods of the party leaders the state is safely republican.

IN the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburg last week an issue of unusual interest to all National banks and to all business men was raised, argued by eminent counsel, and certified to the Supreme Court of the United States for settlement. The question at issue, stripped of legal verbiage was as to the right of National banks to charge more than a legal rate of interest or discount. The Judges of the Circuit Court disagreed and it was decided to certify the the points of difference to the Supreme Court of the United States for settlement. The question has never been before that Court and the decision will be eagerly awaited by all the lower Courts. If we mistake not an issue of the kind is now before our local courts, and the amount of excess of interest, realized from sheriff's sale, is in the hands of the sheriff awaiting the decision of the Court. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States will finally settle the matter and relieve all parties from any misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the law.

CONCERNING who shall be Speaker of the next House of Representatives of Pennsylvania it may be objected that we have but little to say, yet there are reasons why the voice of republicans should be heard in making this selection. Of the numerous names mentioned in connection with this honorable and responsible position, there appears none which can be urged with more reason than that of Hon. Jacob Zeigler of Butler county. Mr. Zeigler has certainly had more experience with the routine of business in and about the House of Representatives than any other man in the state either democrat or republican, and enjoys the reputation of being the best parliamentarian in the state. Besides this Mr. Zeigler is and has been for more than a generation past, a newspaper editor, and, although opposed to us politically, has always kept abreast with the times, and while he has been a very ardent democrat, has always been a consistent one. The eastern part of the state will find the western members very determined on the question of the Speakership, and we would like to see that honor conferred on our brother of the *Herald*.

THE mania for speculation which prevails to so large an extent in the oil country seems to have extended to all classes of people in Bradford, and indeed to both sexes, as it seems, Mr. Stone, Superintendent of the City Schools, has seen fit to issue an edict forbidding the school teachers from risking their money in margins, puts, calls and other ways in which the fickle goddess is tempted in the Oil Exchange. If this be true, what right has Superintendent Stone or any other man to interfere or to dictate in what way teachers shall expend their hard earned salary, provided they discharge their duties as teachers, which is fairly presumed from the fact that they are retained. As well might he say they should not do for themselves or others any work, such as sewing or the like, as that would have a tendency to distract their minds, and thereby impair their efficiency as teachers, as this is, no doubt the argument that will be used in defense of the foolish and arbitrary mandate. The business is as legitimate as the buying and selling of any other commodity, and the fact that these people are hired to teach school for so much per month, is no reason why they should be shut out from the same opportunities of profitable business transactions that others enjoy. The order, if it was made, was unreasonable and oppressive and should not be obeyed.

THURLOW WEED, the veteran journalist and statesman died in New York at 8.55, Tuesday morning, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, physicians, nurses and friends, who clung to the slightest vestage of hope to the last, that he would recover and be spared to them yet a while. No man in the state of New York wielded a more potent influence for good than did Thurlow Weed for more than a quarter of a century.

WE commend to the perusal of those credulous people who laughed at the warnings as to the dangers to be feared from democratic free traders to the following candid announcement of the Vicksburg *Herald*, one of the most conservative of the southern democratic newspapers:

> "Every democrat elected to congress has a right to demand the election of a democrat known to be in favor of a tariff for revenue only for Speaker, and it is the duty of every revenue democrat to vote against every protection democrat. No man in favor of a protective tariff has a right to expect democratic support, for the two last National platforms both pronounced against a protective tariff."

PROMOTIONS of General officers of the United States Army in time of peace is always attended by a great amount of wire pulling and is very apt to occasion a considerable amount of criticism, fair and unfair. Just now the question for discussion in army circles is the promotion of Brigadier Gen'l John Pope to be Maj. Gen'l. The nomination has already been made by the President and now awaits the confirmation of the senate at its next session. It is claimed that he will not be confirmed by that body, as it is expected that the democratic senators, with three republicans—the number necessary to defeat—will vote against him. This is probably right enough, and certainly, if the impression which has come to prevail so generally, that through Gen. Pope, Gen. Fitz John Porter was not only accused and condemned innocently, but in the end brought to an untimely death by reason of disappointment and wrongs be true, then it is no more than justice. Gen. Pope was a failure throughout the entire war, in every thing he undertook. If there is a Maj. Gen'l's commission to be awarded, there are hundreds of brave men left who came far nearer to earning such a distinction than Gen. Pope, and some one of them should have it.

MUCH comment has been indulged in by newspapers throughout the whole country as to the probable course of Secretary Folger in the future, and we think with a great deal of reason. That the plain duty of Mr. Folger is to retire from the cabinet, and from public life as well is evidenced by the overwhelming majority against him at the late election in New York. When the people have become distrustful of a public servant they manifest their dissatisfaction in many ways, the most convincing of which is by their verdict at the polls. This verdict has been asked, and the response was such as to leave no doubt in the mind of any—not even the Secretary himself—as to what the will of a very large majority of the people was. The administration of President Arthur is weak and that weakness is due in a large part to his cabinet, no member of which has contributed more in this direction than Mr. Folger himself. The treasury of the United States is to the Nation what an individual's private property is to him, and we know, that once a man becomes convinced that his financial affairs in the hands of another are being mismanaged, whether it is so or not, no amount of argument is likely to convince him to the contrary. The people are not satisfied with the political acts of the Secretary, and are not likely to become so and his plain duty, as said before is to sever his connection with the administration at once. He is not in need of the emoluments of the office, and if he were, it is no reason why he should remain in his present position, knowing as he does the feeling of the people towards him. Mr. Folger should resign.

IN spite of the fertility of resource and the active brains of American inventors, there seems to exist at least one rich and comparatively untrodden field to reward intelligent effort. It is in the adaptation of petroleum, or one of its products, as a steam producer in marine or other vessels. The chief objections urged heretofore have been the attributes of danger and of cost. These can hardly be successfully advanced. Improvements in the vapor stove have resulted in demonstrating that even an explosive product of petroleum can be handled with safety by the exercise of a very little judgment. The principle in the stove and the steam ship whose boilers are to be heated with flame from oil, is identical, with the matter of safety in favor of the vessel. A tank for oil can form part of the ships hold and enough oil for a voyage twice over the Atlantic be stowed in a fire-proof bulkhead a hundred feet away from the furnace, whereas in the stove the proximity is of necessity reduced to a few inches. For the oil burning steamer there will be no smoke, no suffocating stokers in the depths of the boiler room, no expense for coaling. Experiments in this city four years ago demonstrated this fact clearly. As to the question of cost, this seems solved by the changed conditions surrounding the oil producing industry. It does not seem possible that oil can well attain the prices which it did years ago, or be subject to the violent fluctuations in value experienced since its first discovery. At, say two dollars a barrel there can be no question of cost, when the advantages to petroleum are considered. The room gained in storage, over coal, would balance the first cost of oil, were it twice the price named. Inventors have only to bring out a reliable, simple device which will convert oil into inflammable vapor at the furnace, and with the proper admixture of live steam and air, create a flame which shall be smokeless and intensely hot. This is done every day in the oil regions in a rude way and can be accomplished more perfectly in the boiler room of the ocean vessel. Fortune and fame await the man who shall evolve the required device, and succeed in showing navigators that a pound of oil is worth at least two pounds of the best coal. And Pittsburg is the place to father such an invention.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Sulking and Meditation.

A Russian diplomat once said: "A Russian never sulks; he meditates." Republicans would do well to do likewise. Meditation upon things future, in the light of experience in things past can do no harm. It may do much good. If a republican meditates he may find causes for the great defeat of his party other than the bolts and obstinate voting of many of his party associates. There were not open bolts, or opposition republican tickets, in any of the republican states carried by the democracy, except Pennsylvania. Yet the repblican defeat in those states was more signal than in Pennsylvania. The republican who meditates may find that not the cry of bossism, not the affiliation of the President with one wing of his party, not the open revolt of hitherto staunch republicans, wrought the disaster. The defeat was general and widespread, affecting important and popular candidates on whom the party was thoroughly united. There was not an independent republican candidate for congress in any northern state that we remember of, except in the Fifth district of Pennsylvania, the First district of Minnesota and the Fourteenth Pennsylvania. Yet nearly every northern state has changed the majority of its congressional delegation from republican to democratic. What was the cause? Clearly, dissatisfaction with the republican administration of public affairs during the past two years. First, President Arthur called into his Cabinet at least four members who had better have been left where they were. There was no necessity for removing Secretary Teller from the Senate, depriving the Washington lobby of Secretary Chandler or calling from their undisturbed retirement Secretaries Frelinghuysen and Howe. The President's Cabinet, when reconstructed, should have been filled with fresh, crisp, popular party men. Then came Congress. It performed two good acts in addition to that of adjournment. The passage of the anti-polygamy and three per cent. funding bills was commendible, but then followed so many disgraceful acts in and out of Congress, that condemnation stifled every attempt to commend the good that was accomplished. The river and harbor bill was a bad act, but its passage over the President's veto was a disgrace to congress and an insult to the people. The $6,000,000 appropriation for new public buildings was indefensible. The effort to reduce internal taxation by removing the tax on perfumery, matches and bank checks was as silly as it was futile. These are a few items the meditative republican may set down as a cause for the overwhelming defeat. Is there a way to retrieve this defeat? Unquestionably. How? Stop sulking. At present the republican party is an aggregation of guerrilla bands. Each squad is ready to bushwhack the other. Even individual members are threatening vengeance and vowing that their votes shall never be cast for a sojourner with an opposition squad. Leaders are represented as conspiring to overthrow whatever of republican supremacy the cyclone of the 7th inst. left. Newspapers are disjointed, at times idiotic, in their comments, and are giving vent to predictions of business crises and panics as the result of democratic control. This is not the way to retrieve the defeat. Democratic control is prospective, not present. True, the state administrations will be largely democratic after January 1st, but the causes of republican defeat were principally National in their character, and the National administration will be republican for some months to come. Much good work may be done in that time. Internal taxation can be removed and the entire internal revenue system abolished, an act preventive of a repetition of J. Hubbell's congressional committee's thievery can be passed, and an equitable adjustment of the tariff laws that will afford ample protection without rearing monopolies can be carried to completion. Something like this would give all republicans a nucleus around which to gather, and with a distinct understanding that there is to be no proscription for past political offenses the party will commence its reconstruction upon a solid foundation. The achievements of republicanism during the last quarter of a century have been too pregnant with beneficence and glory to allow the party to disappear much after the manner of a suicide. It has of late been too mindful of the personal aims and aggrandizements of its leaders, or more properly servants. For this lack it is suffering. Now let the party be mindful of itself and the Nation it saved. The people will defeat a personal and corrupt republican party. The same people will rally around and support an honest and progressive republican party. Meditation may dictate this policy to republicans. Sulking will not.—Har. Telegraph.

Political and General.

The "False Prophet," about which so much is being said just now, was evidently a republican previous to the late election.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Whenever the republicans elect a Democratic governor in New York or Pennsylvania, they always pick out a man who acknowledges the sins of his own party.—Phila. Press.

No democrat or anti-republican under fifty years of age ever had the pleasure before Tuesday last of voting for a successful candidate for governor of Michigan. The woods were very dense, but we are at last out of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Blaine says he will not be a candidate for President. Good. Let him join Conkling in retirement, and the republican party will have peace. The factional fights of the friends of Blaine and Conkling should not be allowed to distract the republican party further. As Senators, both Blaine and Conkling were magnificent successes. When they ceased to be Senators, by their own acts, their usefulness as politicians and statesmen ceased.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The victory of Mahone in Virginia carries with it a permanent benefit to republicans. One of the results is the abolition of the poll tax. There will be no money restriction on the right of suffrage in the future, and in a state where there are so many who cannot pay their taxes this is a consideration, the importance of which we can hardly realize. Mahone's majority next year will be fifty thousand. Manhood suffrage is the death of Virginia Bourbonism.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Church and State.

The fact that Governor-elect Pattison is the son of a Methodist minister, and that he has chosen a Methodist minister for his private secretary, has caused it to be said that his will be the first Methodist administration in Pennsylvania; a comment that is nearer the truth than the further statement, which has also been made, that the majority of the Governors of Pennsylvania have been Presbyterians.

It is perhaps because the church and state are so completely separated in Pennsylvania, or because the influence of the church upon the administrations of the governors has been quiet and unobtrusive, however great its power, that the biographers of the many eminent and worthy men who have held the tiller of the ship of state are singularly silent concerning their religious training and faith. This is particularly a failing of the biographers of the more modern Governors. Of Governor Hoyt, for instance, it can only be learned that he came from Connecticut—which some people would consider a discreditable fact, surely needing the qualifying assurance that his family were not debarred from the church by the making of wooden nutmegs.

Passing the long period when the Dutch followed the Swedes, to be in turn succeeded by the Friends and the proprietary government of William Penn, we come to the Revolution, when the descendants of Friends for a time forgot their peace tenets, and to the constitution of 1790. The religion of the governors since the adoption of that constitution is easily determined by the race, as is plainly indicated by the name. Between Mifflin, the son of Friends, who went into office in 1790, and Packer, of purely Quaker ancestry, who went out of office in 1861, there were five Scotch-Irish governors: McKean, Findlay, Porter, Johnston and Pollock, and six Germans: Hiester, Shulze, Wolf, Ritner, Shunk and Bigler. In spite of the reticence of the biographers, we know that the Scotch Irish were Presbyterians and that the Germans belonged to some one of the many denominations of the Reformers. Since Packer's time Pennsylvania has had two governors, Curtin and Geary, of the Irish stock, and who ought to have been Presbyterians, and Hartranft, a German and a Schwenkfelder. So that since the adoption of the constitution of 1790 down to the time of Governor Hoyt, the Scotch-Irish or the Presbyterians, and the Germans or the Reformed have ruled the state an equal number of times.

Isolated facts, however interesting in themselves, only attain their full significance when considered in relation to each other or as factors making up the sum of existence. The creed of the governor of Pennsylvania is a matter of little importance in itself. The affairs of the commonwealth are as safe in the hands of a Presbyterian as they are when controlled by a Methodist, a Unitarian or a member of the Established Church of England. The faith in which the governors of Pennsylvania have been educated is of most importance as showing how mistaken was the fear of the little body of learned Englishmen of Philadelphia in the last century, and how false their cry, "Pennsylvania for the English." The study of the past gives the clearest insight into the future. The English and Irish, Scotch and German and Dutch races have all seen their representatives honored with the highest office Pennsylvania has to offer. The fear of foreign control has long ago disappeared, because long ago the foreigners ceased to be. And with the prejudice of religion. The mental horizon ever opens before, and the unconscious bigots who made something of a stir in Pennsylvania a century ago, may rest quietly in their graves whilst a Methodist occupies the gubernatorial chair.—Phila. Press.

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OF BRADFORD, PA.,

Begs leave to lay before you a few of his prices and Specialties.

Men's Heavy Mixed Overcoats, - - - - $3.00
Men's Brown Chinchilla Overcoats, - - - - 3.50
Men's Fancy Chinchilla Overcoats, - - - - $5.00 to 7.50
Men's All Wool Overcoats, - - - - 8.00
Also, a full line of FANCY, DIAGONAL, WORSTED AND DRESS OVERCOATS ranging in Price from $12.00 to $30.00

In Men's Suits can offer the following:
Union Cassimere Suits - - $4.50 to 6.50
Black Diagonal in Sacks or Frocks, $5.00, 6.00, 7.00
Cassimere and Dress Suits of every Quality and Description.

OUR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
DEPARTMENT.

Special attention of the Ladies is called to this Branch of the Business. Without any exaggeration I have the Finest, Largest and Most Complete Stock of

CLOTHING FOR BOYS

And CHILDREN'S WEAR that can be found in any Establishment outside of New York.

If You Are in Need of

Children's Play Suits,
Children's Cassimere Suits,
Children's Fancy Cheviot Suits,
Children's Black Diagonal Suits,
Childrens, Kilt Suits,
Boys School Suits,
Boys Heavy Cassimere Suits,
Boys Fancy Cassimere Suits,
Boys Fine Diagonal Suits,
Boys Blue Tricot Suits,

CALL ON ME AND I WILL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION IN STYLES AND PRICES.

Remember the Place,
RUSLANDER,
The Square Dealing Clothier,
88 MAIN ST. 88
Duke and Wright Block,
BRADFORD, PA.

—LOOK FOR—
L. W. Mason's
—Special Prices on—
General Hardware,
STOVES AND TINWARE,
Housekeepers' Hardware,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
In This Space NEXT WEEK.

P. S. I have the Best Tinner in the County, and No Mistake.

E. F. Richmond & Son,
Druggists and
Pharmacists,
No. 34 Main Street,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

E. B. FREEMAN,
General
Insurance Agent,
Office over Richmond's Drug Store.
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICIES.

BEATTY'S ORGANS [illegible] BEATTY, Washington, N. J. [illegible]

Smethport
SASH FACTORY.
Near the McKean & Buffalo Depot.
Sash, Doors and Blinds,
Matching, Mouldings,
Brackets, Planing, Turning, Etc.,
On Hand and Furnished at Short Notice.
J. C. Strong, Prop'r.

MARBLE FRONT
BARBER SHOP
ALFRED STURDVEINT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Oakley's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.
Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING!
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!
All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

New Carriage Shop
IN SMETHPORT.
CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.
Smethport, March 10, 1881.—tf.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.
AT
PEOPLES' STORE
No. 44, Main St.
Now offering rare inducements in
BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Of Style and Quality [illegible]
We have Better and Cheaper Goods in
Queensware, Majolica, Glass and Earthenware,
Than ever have been offered [illegible]
A Fine Line of
CHAMBER SETS
At prices within reach of everybody.
DOLMANS, CLOAKS AND SACQUES,
For Ladies and Children which will be sold very cheap.
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS,
And Ladies, Gents' and Children's Fine
ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR,
At WOODBURN'S Popular Prices

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words (with a thousand others too numerous to mention) are all easy, and the article represented by each word can always be found at Sprague's One Price Store, and at a lower price (for the same quality of goods) than at any other place in the State. No cutting of price on articles which every one knows the price of, and making up by charging three prices for articles you don't know the cost of. I never learned the phrase, "seeing it's you, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be undersold, don't you forget it.

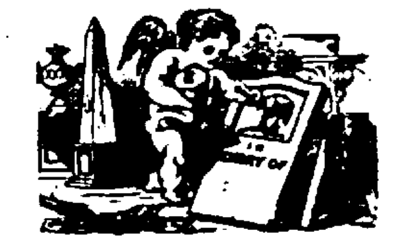
Axes.
Adzes.
Augers.
Awls.
Axle Grease.
Alabastine.
Brushes.
Bolts.
Butts.
Borax.
Braces.
Brackets.
Brooms.
Burrs.
Bitts.
Bird Cages.
Blacking.
Bed Cords.
Bung Borers.
Bells.
Bed Casters.
Claws.
Crow Bars.
Cartridges.
Chains.
Catches.
Coffee Mills.
Clasters.
Clamps.
Cuspadores.
Cutlery.
Curry Combs.
Cleavers.
Clothes Lines.
Copper Ware.
Draw Shaves.
Dividers.
Dish covers.
Egg beaters.
Elbows.
Escutcheons.
Eyes.
Fishing tackle.
Faucets.
Forks.
Freezers.
Fingers.
Gimlets.
Glue.
Grindstones.
Gun caps.
Gauges.
Halters.
Hoes.
Hammers.
Hatchets.
Handles.
Hangers.
Hasps.
Hinges.
Hods.
Hooks.
Hose pipe.
Ice tools.
Iron.
Kettles.
Keys.
Knives.
Knobs.
Lamps.
Lamp Shades.
Lamp Chimneys.
Ladders.
Latches.
Lanterns.
Levels.
Locks.
Lifters.
Lemon Squeezers.
Mallets.
Muzzles.
Mattocks.
Measures.
Mops.
Nails.
Nuts.
Oils.
Oilers.
Openers.
Pans.
Pails.
Parers.
Picks.
Plates.
Pistols.
Plows.
Pliers.
Poppers.
Powder.
Pumps.
Pestles.
Paints.
Rope.
Rakes.
Razors.
Rivets.
Rules.
Saws.
Sieves.
Sleds.
Sponges.
Scythes.
Shears.
Shovels.
Silverware.
Skates.
Slate.
Spoons.
Spades.
Sticks.
Sap Spouts.
Sieves.
Toilet Ware.
Teeth.
Tacks.
Traps.
Tinware.
Tools.
Trays.
Trowels.
Tweezers.
Woodenware.
Willowware.
Warmers.
Whips.
Well buckets.
Wheelbarrows.
White Lead.
Wrenches.
Wringers.
Wool Twine.
Wire Cloth.
Window Glass.
Zinc.

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.
M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,
Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches.
—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—
Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am prepared to do all manner of
ENGRAVING,
and such work as belongs to the trade
ALL WORK WARRANTED
I have also on hand a fine assortment of
LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS.
MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

FALL LINE OF MILLINERY,
Consisting of
Hats, Turbans, Plumes.
In every variety.
Special Value in
Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Velvets,
SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS, Etc.
Full and Choice Stock of
UNDERWEAR
In all Grades and sizes.
TRIMMING, By an Experienced Trimmer Neatly done, at the lowest possible figure, At
MRS. T. D. NASH'S,
53 Main St.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY,



ALL KINDS OF
Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to O

—100— New Book, New Edition. LADIES [illegible]
Years [illegible]

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 23, 1882.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Winter is not here yet.

The season of shooting matches is upon us.

Turkeys begin to feel that life is uncertain.

The 'buss war is ended and Poff holds the reins.

Now what is the reason there is no buckwheat flour in market.

The Grand Central hotel has been filled to overflowing this week.

The fair in the interest of the cornet band has been a decided success.

A new steam boiler is being placed in the basement of W. D. Gallup's store.

The bar of Bradford, that is, the legal bar is represented at court this week.

A watch which was raffled for the benefit of the cornet band was won by F. C. Hamlin.

The postoffice will be removed to C. S. King's store as soon as Doc. Sprague takes charge thereof.

—The coal miners in the neighborhood of Pittsburg are on another strike. The result can be predicted.

—While it has been an excellent fall for getting in bark it has been a very poor one for moving logs.

—The race between the Salamanca and Richburg runners didn't come off. The Richburg man weakened.

A water motor will be put into St. Luke's Episcopal church to furnish power for the new pipe organ.

With two oil exchanges, board of trade and a hundred whiskey exchanges, Bradford ought to be satisfied.

Boys stilts are cut longer this fall than last, and trimmed with leather instead of hoop iron as heretofore.

The Salamanca postoffice has been transferred to B. B. Weber a journalist and former proprietor of the *Era*.

Now attend the thanksgiving service Nov. 30th and show that you are not unmindful of every blessing received.

Some of the young bloods are quite anxious concerning a case of too confiding love which will develop in due time.

A glance at another column will convince the most casual observer that the marital yoke still galls some of our people.

A new bank with a capital of $150,000 is being established in Petrolia, Butler county, the oil trade requiring such a move.

When a fast horse is needed apply to John Doyle. He won a 2:25 horse in a raffle which occurred in Buffalo Monday evening.

The Philadelphia *Record* of the 20th inst. announces the fact that M. A. Sprague has been appointed postmaster at Smethport, Pa.

A movement is on foot to reduce the standing army since the accidental killing of an Indian near Salamanca by the cars the other day.

The gaudy coverings put over the basins in the court yard, as the MINER suggested, add largely to their appearance and insure their protection.

Greenbackers are going crazy in different parts of the country because of defeat. We thought it was the republican party that got run over.

The six o'clock train run by the B. B. & K. railroad for the accommodation of people attending court is an act of courtesy not to be undervalued.

An organization of the M. D. A. S. has been formed by the young fellows of the town. The initials mean "More Deviltry After School," probably.

The billiard room in the Opera House block has been bought by C. H. Moore and will be under the management of James Moses as heretofore.

The attempt to consolidate the two oil exchanges of Bradford is likely to prove a more difficult job than the folks of the old organization reckoned on.

—Six elegant new palace coaches have been added to the rolling stock of the B. N. Y. & P. railroad, which are gorgeous in appearance and comfortable as a drawingroom.

A schooting match, in which a large number of fat turkeys will figure as the centre of attraction will occur on Tuesday the 28th inst. at Larrabee under the management of F. J. Vickery.

—A letter addressed to A. Johnson, Kaikora, Hawker Bay, New Zealand, is held at the post office in this borough for additional postage, there being only five cents on it, and the requirement being twenty-four.

Connection has been made between the County buildings and the mains of the water works company, and the Commissioners have forbidden all persons from taking water from the Court House or jail for private use.

—A rubber shoe in good condition was picked up on the street and left at the MINER office. If the owner will call and either leave the other or take this away we will be obliged, otherwise we will fill it with coal for winter use.

Personal.

H. C. Dornan Esq., of Gillmor was attending court Wednesday.

Dr. E. A. Van Scoy of Bradford was in town Wednesday on legal business.

N. C. Recktenwalt of Buffalo was at the Grand Central Monday and Tuesday.

Hon. H. W. Williams is presiding over the argument court now in session in this county.

Dr. Pierce and wife left for Warren Monday the 20th to remain a week. Mr. Pierce will have his teeth filled.

Hon. L. Rogers or Harrisburg made a flying visit to his old home Wednesday returning to the capital the same day.

Patsey Fragner proprietor of the immense cigar manufactory at Bradford was in town Wednesday introducing some of his new and delicious brands.

Rev. W. B. Wagoner, of Rushford, N. Y., arrived in town to-day having been summoned to attend the funeral of Mrs. Brownell.

Hon. M. F. Elliott Congressman-at-Large elect, is attending court. Mr. Elliott expresses himself as willing to submit to the will of the people as expressed at the late election.

M. A. Sprague of this borough has been appointed postmaster, by His Excellency President Arthur. The appointment is as good as could have been made, and, although unsolicited Mr. Sprague is well entitled to any advantages that it may bring him, financially or otherwise.

Sunday Services.

At the M. E. Church next Sunday morning, subject "Constitutional Prohibition." The other services of the day will be conducted at the same hours as heretofore.

A thanksgiving service will be conducted at the M. E. Church Thursday, November 30th at 10:30 a. m., to which all are cordially invited. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. E. P. Hubbell, suitable to the occasion.

"This Way to the Depot."

The 'bus war that has lasted for some two weeks or more, has finally been amicably arranged between the contestants, Valentine Poff, taking the route and engaging to supply the necessary accommodation. Mr. Poff has on his line safe and comfortable carriages, good teams, and every convenience required by the people, and we bespeak for him the patronage to which his enterprise entitles him.

Another Printer Made Happy.

We are advised by letter dated the 21st ult. of the marriage of Burdett S. Hoag to Miss Libbie E. Dorr, which event took place at Wilcox last Thursday.

Mr. Hoag is a printer and formerly held a situation of responsibility on the MINER force, where all his duties were discharged to the entire satisfaction of the management. He is a worthy young man, has married an equally worthy woman, and we shall hope to see their future as pleasant and profitable as their past lives have been upright and commendable.

The friends of the happy twain remembered them on their wedding day as a large lot of elegant presents attest.

The Journalist.

There is no profession in which a man stands more supremely on his merits than in that of journalism. In many others promotion is more a question of influence, of good fortune, or of time, than of actual working capacity. In journalism, influence goes for little or nothing, unless there be on the part of the aspirant real efficiency to perform the work that has to be done. There never was greater competion in the press than there is at the present day, and that competition is more likely to become keener than to diminish. It is becoming more and more a question of the survival of the fittest, and special eminence is ever more difficult to attain. The incompetent and inexperienced, therefore, must inevitably go to the wall. —Chambers' Journal.

Official Vote of the State.

We have received from Harrisburg the official count of the vote of the state by counties, from which we compile the vote on the several state tickets, the entire vote by counties being much too long to be reproduced here or to be of interest to the voters.

Governor—Pattison, Dem., 355,791; Beaver, Rep., 315,589; Steward, Ind. Rep., 43,743; Armstrong, Greenback Labor, 23,996; Pettit, Pro., 5,196; scattering, 50. Pattison's plurality, 40,202.

Lieutenant Governor—Black, Dem., 353,642; Davies, Rep., 317,614; Duff, Ind. Rep., 42,677; Howard, Greenback Labor, 19,475; Williams, Pro., 4,662; scattering, 4,003. Black's plurality, 36,028.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—Africa, Dem., 353,752; Greer, Rep., 317,408; Merrick, Ind. Rep., 44,060; Dewoody, Greenback-Labor, 19,141; Crossman, Pro., 5,597; scattering, 3,785. Africa's plurality, 36,344.

Supreme Court Judge—Clark, Dem., 355,935; Rawle, Rep., 315,163; Junkin, Ind. Rep., 41,990; Cake, Greenback Labor, 19,285; Chase, Pro., 4,457; scattering, 2,108. Clark's plurality, 40,772.

Congress at Large—Elliott, Dem., 351,043; Brosius, Rep., 323,255; McMichael, Ind. Rep., 40,995; Tomlinson, Greenback Labor, 20,406; Pierce, Pro., 4,643; scattering, 5,091. Elliott's plurality, 27,788.

No votes were returned from Warren county for Elliott, which omission takes about 1,800 votes from the democratic candidate for Congressman at Large. Nearly all the votes placed under the head of "scattering" were intended to be cast for the Greenback candidates for Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of Internal affairs and Judge of the Supreme Court and prohibition candidates for Lieutenant Governor and Judge of the Supreme Court.

A Gorgeous Display.

The opening of such a store as that of DeSilver Weld No. 100 Main street, Bradford, is such an event as is seldom witnessed outside of the larger cities, and would well repay our people, especially the ladies and those more directly interested in such goods as will be found mentioned below, for the time and expense of a visit to Bradford on Thursday evening of this week.

Mr. Weld is one of the pioneer merchants of the Tuna Valley, a man of invincible courage and unequaled energy and, without doubt the best buyer of goods that has ever done business in McKean county. When the concern with which Mr. Weld was connected as manager some years ago, become involved through the mismanagement of their other houses, he thought it best to sever all connection with them and go into business himself, and accordingly, he chose the carpet and house furnishing goods, a branch with whose every detail he was perfectly familiar. At once his old patrons flocked back to him, and, from a mere stock of samples, his trade has grown in two years to be the largest of the kind ever enjoyed by any man or firm in North Western Pennsylvania.

The stock of goods which he will present to his visitors on the opening evening will consist of all the articles of cotton, wool or silk required in fitting and furnishing a house of any kind from a cottage to a palace. Carpets of the finest qualities from all parts of the world; window curtains and decorations of the most elaborate designs, linens, draperies, and, in a word, everything.

At 7:30 p. m. the store, which is in the Newell Brick Block, corner of Main and Webster streets, will be opened to the representatives of the press of the city and county, and at 8 o'clock the doors will be opened to the ladies, each of whom will receive a *Souvenir*. Music will lend its enchantment, and withal this will be the event of the kind of the season. Gentlemanly ushers will be in waiting to exhibit goods to visitors, and the opportunity to examine goods and learn prices should not be missed. We hope to see many of our people in attendance.

Wanted.

Three well marked Plymouth Rock Pullets. Call on or address FRANK KING, (P. O. box 1879) United Pipe Lines, Bradford, Pa. 49—3t.

Obituary.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Octavia Caroline Howard, wife of Hon. W. S. Brownell, of Smethport, Pa., who passed peacefully away from her earthly friends at 12 p. m., Tuesday, November 21st ult. The immediate cause of Mrs. Brownell's death was hemorrhage of the lungs, although for a long time past it was known to her friends that that dread disease, consumption, was slowly but surely bearing her away from them.

Mrs. Brownell was born October 18, 1822, in Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., and, with her parents E. M. and Martha Howard first came to McKean County in April, 1837. On the 23d of August, 1832, she married Hon. William S. Brownell, who survives to mourn his irreparable loss. In the same year in which they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Brownell removed to Illinois, where they remained four years, returning to Ridgway Elk County, in the year 1856, and the year following to Smethport where they have resided ever since, and where to them were born the three children they together have reared, George R., Fred W. and Addie Octavia, who deplore, to day the loss of the warmest friend a child can ever know—a mother.

If "when the good die all are bereft," surely the announcement of the death of Mrs. Brownell must bring sorrow to the hearts of all who knew her, as her life, although some of the later years of it were filled with affliction, was made up of kindness and good deeds, and, although not identified with any particular religious denomination, her life bore daily testimony that she was an earnest follower in the footsteps of Him who said, Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. In this hour of deep distress, the sorrowing family may know that they have the earnest sympathy of all who know them, and that the memory of her whom they mourn will long be cherished in the hearts of the people of this community.

Death of James E. Butts.

James E. Butts, well known throughout McKean and adjoining counties died very suddenly at his home in Buttsville, on Thursday last just after our last week's edition had come from the press. For a month Mr. Butts had been suffering from an affliction of the heart which medical relief could only alleviate for the time being. He still pursued his duties, though occasionally suffering from attacks which caused him the most acute pain. Four or five days previous to his death he became confined to his house but nothing of a critical nature was expected. On Thursday afternoon he expressed himself as feeling better than he had for some days and asked to have a foot bath. One was immediately furnished and he sat beside it with one arm resting across his daughter's shoulders. Suddenly he raised one hand to his chest as though a sharp contraction seized him. He gasped for breath once or twice and his head fell back. Dr. Hobday was called from Alton and found that he was dead. The remains were sent to Providence, R. I., for burial.

The development of the vast coal fields of McKean county was far more due to the enterprise and successful business management of Mr. Butts than to that of all others combined, and the first railroad to enter the county was built by him. His life was one busy round of labor and his death will be felt most keenly by the hundreds that looked to him for employment. His integrity like his business qualifications was above question and his place in the ranks of the people will be hard to fill.

It May Be So.

The Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* has the following to say in regard to the speculations of certain operators during the late advance in oil prices, which may or may not be true:

"It is reported that in New York great profits have been realized since the rise in oil. James R. Keene, William Rockafeller and Russel Sage have been heavy investors through their agents in Oil City and Bradford, and Mr. Keene is popularly credited with having already made from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000 since the prices started up. President Smith, of the New York exchange, was a constant "bear" and selling short, when the turn came he went on the other side and is reported to have made a million by the operator. Mr. W. H. Johnson, one of the leading dealers, is said to have added a quarter of a million to his bank account within the last thirty days. Mr. C. E. Upton, president of a bank in Rochester, is reported to have cleared a like amount within the same time, and is still a large holder of oil. Mr. H. H. Hurd, a Bradford producer, is buying heavily, with corresponding satisfactory results. Nic Mehlen is another operator who has exceptional facilities for keeping himself perfectly advised, and he has turned these facilities into a golden harvest for himself and his friends."

BUSINESS LOCALS.

—The attention of all the MINER'S readers and friends is called to the extensive advertisement of M. Ruslander, the Bradford square dealing clothier, to be found in another column. Mr Ruslander advertises in proportion to his stock and his immense trade, and, as every one is compelled to have some clothes, the people will do well to study his proclamation carefully and then make a visit to his Clothing Hall, 88, Main street, Bradford, before making a single purchase, as he can and will make it profitable to do so. No article of men's or boys clothing can be mentioned that he has not in stock in great abundance, consequently none can go from his store dissatisfied as his mammoth trade enables him to sell at prices that small dealers cannot.

—Mrs. T. D. Nash has just received a fine line of ladies and children's shoes, rubbers, overshoes and articles to which she desires to call the attention of her customers. The stock is well selected, complete and will satisfy the most fastidious, both in quality and price.

Do You Know!

That the Horse and Cattle Powders prepared E. M. Parmelee are composed of the very best and purest materials. Licorice, Fenugreek, Blood Root, Elecampane for Coughs, Colds, Epizootic, Distemper, Pink Eye &c., Sulphur, Mandrake, Gentian, Sulph. Magnesia for Impure Blood; Besides many other ingredients especially adapted to the cure of Colic, Worms, Heaves and all diseases of Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Poultry. Buy no other. Full pounds only 25 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

MARRIED.

LUND—LARSON—At the M. E. Parsonage, Smethport, Nov. [illegible], 1882, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Mr. Lewis P. Lund and Miss Augusta C. Larson, all of Hamlin Station, Pa.

DIED.

In Smethport, Pa., Tuesday, November 21st, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Mrs. Octavia Caroline Brownell, wife of Hon. W. S. Brownell, in the 61st year of her age.

Funeral services at the M. E. Church at 2 p. m. Thursday, the 23d. Rev. W. B. Wagoner officiating, after which the remains were interred in Rose Hill Cemetery.

In Smethport, Pa., Tuesday, November 21st, of brain fever, William K. son of Mrs. E. M. Hard, aged 9 months.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. Heber McCandless, and the remains interred in Rose Hill Cemetery.

"Ladies' Tonic."

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY is prepared by the WOMEN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE OF BUFFALO, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice FREE. Send stamp for names of those who have been CURED.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For sale by all dealers.

For Sale.

Steam Saw Mill at Eldred, Pa. In perfect order and doing a good business. About one and a half [illegible] with 12 acres of land. A [illegible] stock of hemlock logs [illegible]

Address [illegible], Dunkirk, N. Y.

49-3t

J. C. HAMLIN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,

OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

A. REILLY,

Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick

Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME,

LATH

PLASTER and

PLASTERING HAIR

Furnished at the LOWEST RATES

LEGAL

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF LEVARI Facias and Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county and to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1882.

All that certain piece of land situate in the city of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at N. E. corner of lot No. 4, as designated on map or plot of C. M. Newell, as surveyed by John W. Weeks; thence west [illegible] feet to corner fronting on Mechanic street, thence south 100 feet to the corner; thence east [illegible] feet to a corner; thence north 100 feet to the place of beginning, said piece or lot of ground known or designated as lot No. 5 on said map or plot of said C. M. Newell as surveyed, with all and singular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. T. Johnson at the suit of R. S. Battles.

CHAPMAN & SON, Plff's Att'ys.

2

All the undivided two-thirds [illegible] of the working interest in the leasehold estate situate in Otto township, McKean county, Pa., being part of the Brown farm bounded and described as follows. Being known as lot numbered [illegible] [illegible] recorded in McKean county in Mortgage Book [illegible] page 214, said lot being about sixty [illegible] perches north and south and about twenty-seven perches east and west and bounded east by land of South Shore [illegible] [illegible] containing ten acres, more or less, said property having been secured and leased to first party, J. N. Walsh, [illegible] Short, Hinchen & Co. dated January 2, 1882, and recorded in McKean County in Mortgage Book [illegible], page 213, on the seventh day of November, 1882, said leasehold having thereon three oil wells complete, one boiler, three engines, three tanks, [illegible] of sucker rods, engine house and rigs complete, and all lands thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. N. Walsh at the suit of Short, Hinchen & Co.

CHAPMAN & SON, Plff's Att'ys.

3

All that certain piece of land situate in the township of Otto, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake in the center of the road running across said lot in the south line of the Bertram lot, thence north [illegible] degrees west [illegible] rods to a stake at the southwest corner of said Bertram lot, thence south [illegible] degrees east [illegible] rods to a stake and northwest corner of Covert lot, thence south [illegible] degrees east [illegible] rods to center of said road and stake thence northerly in a straight line to the place of beginning, containing what it may, being a part of Warrant No. [illegible] and a part of the land conveyed to J. B. Woodberry by F. P. Borden, Trustee, saving and reserving therefrom about [illegible] acres off from the west end of said above described land sold by first party to Brown [illegible] and Shears, and about [illegible] acres off from the northeast corner of said above described land sold by first party to F. T. Davis, said land having situate thereon two oil wells with carpenter rigs complete, [illegible] boiler, [illegible] engines, [illegible] tank, [illegible] tanks, [illegible] feet casing, [illegible] feet tubing, also the [illegible] royalty interest in two other wells situate on said land with all and singular of the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. D. Clark at the suit of Jas. H. Chapman, use of Peoples Savings Bank of North East, Pa.

CHAPMAN & SON, Plff's Att'ys.

4

All that certain piece of land situated, lying and being in the township of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point or post on the N. W. corner of a certain twenty acre lease owned by D. W. Swingle & Co., adjoining the lands of A. Boyd, on the north, and running along the line of said A. Boyd's land in a westerly direction thirty-nine and one-half (39½) rods to a post on the S. E. corner of a fifteen acre lease owned by D. W. Swingle & Co., thence south along line of said D. W. Swingle & Co's fifteen acre lease seventy-one and one-half (71½) rods to the brook adjoining the lease of Palmiter and Carpenter; thence following said brook by its courses in an easterly direction to a post on the boundary line of Swingle & Co's twenty acre lease; thence northerly along line of Swingle & Co's twenty acre lease sixty-seven (67) rods to the boundary line of said land of A. Boyd the place of beginning, and containing fourteen acres of land, more or less, together with four oil wells thereon, four carpenter rigs, three engines, one boiler, two 250 bbl tanks, two receiving tanks, about two thousand feet of pipe, with tubing, casing and connections, belonging to said wells. Also the one-fourth royalty in three other oil wells on said land, and all the defendants interest and title in and two the undivided royalty in one other oil well on said land, subject to the terms of two oil leases between Francis A. Stowell and Fletcher H. Mathews and H. P. Bates & Co., dated March 22, 18[illegible], and the —— day of —— 1878. Also fifteen hundred barrels of iron tankage on Tidewater Pipe Line, with all and singular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. V. McIntyre and D. D. White at the suit of Francis A. Stowell and Fletcher H. Mathews, use of William M. Jennings.

CHAPMAN & SON, Plff's Att'ys.

5

All the following described property situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: North by land of Mrs. Dibeman, south by land of —— Hewitt, east by land of J. W. Humphrey, west by east line of Congress street, being 25 feet in width and 75 feet in depth, more or less, and having thereon one two-story wooden building and shed, &c., being known as Merchant's Hotel, No. 15, Congress street, in the City of Bradford.

ALSO—One other piece or parcel of land being about 25 feet in width and 75 feet in depth, situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: North by land of B. J. Jameson, south by land of Hebrew Church, east by west line of Kennedy street, and west by land of Orphans Hall Association; having thereon one two-story frame house with one story wing and outhouse, &c., being premises known as No. 25, Kennedy street, in the city of Bradford, Pa.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Mack at the suit of C. B. Whitehead, use of Myra Whitehead.

STONE & WEIL, Pl'ffs Att'ys.
A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1882.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Samuel F. Tyler, late of Eldred township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay, to

D. C. YOUNG, Ex'r.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1882.—49-6t.

Foreign Attachment.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. | The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county Greeting:

We command you that you summon David Prendergast so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Smethport in and for the said county on the 2d Monday of December next there to answer R. J. Walker and H. M. Robbins, trading as Walker & Robbins of a plea in case sur assumpsit, and that you attach John H. Shaver, late of your county by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements in whose hands or possession soever the same may be found, and also that you summon the person and persons and every of them in whose hands the goods or effects or any of them of the said John H. Shaver may be found so that they be and appear before the said Court at the day and place aforesaid to answer what shall be objected to them and abide the judgment of the Court in the premises, and have you then and there this writ.

Seal of the Court of Common Pleas. | Witness the Honorable H. W. Williams, President Judge of our said Court, at Smethport, this 20th day of October, A. D. 1882.

JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y,
JOHN S. APPLE, Dep'y.

The above is a true and attested copy of the original writ in my hands.

Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

[illegible]

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 37, Feb'y Term, 1882.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas Mary Duncan, by her next friend, William O'Connell, did on the 5th day of January 1882, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Duncan.

We therefore command you, the said Wm. Duncan, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Third Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Mary Duncan, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary Duncan, your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. | Witness the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 4th day of Oct. A. D. 1882.

Signed JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.

A true copy.
Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.
Rose and Parker, Att'ys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80, February Term, 1882.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Amelia Schaal, by her next friend, Hugh [illegible], did on the 21st day of Dec., 1881, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John E. Schaal.

We therefore command you, the said John E. Schaal, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Third Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Amelia Schaal and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Amelia Schaal your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. | Witness, the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 30th day of Sept. A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.

A true copy
Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.
G. A. BERRY, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 38, May Term, 1882.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Erick Olson, did, on the 23rd day of March, 1882, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Carrie Olson.

We therefore, command you, the said Carrie Olson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 3rd Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Erick Olson, and to show cause, if any you have why the said Erick Olson, your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. | Witness the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 4th day of Oct. A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.

A true copy
Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.
A. W. SMITH, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 78, February Term, 1882.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Josephine Chidney, by her next friend M. Flanders, did, on the 22d day of December, 1881, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William H. Chidney.

We therefore, command you, the said Wm. H. Chidney, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 3rd Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Josephine Chidney, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Josephine Chidney, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. | Witness the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 30th day of Sept. A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y,
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.

A true copy.
Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.
G. A. BERRY, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 44, December Term, 1881.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary F. Daboll by her next friend, Albert H. Borchert did, on the 19th day of November, 1881, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John L. Daboll.

We therefore, command you, the said John L. Daboll, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 3rd Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Mary F. Daboll, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary F. Daboll your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. | Witness the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 2d day of October, A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN B. BRAWLEY, Proth'y,
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.

A true copy.
Attest A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.
WM. SWANSON, Att'y.

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

ROCKWELL HOUSE

MEAT MARKET,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Rockwell & Rooney, - Prop's.

All Kinds of

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

VEGETABLES & FRUITS.

Our meat is always fresh and our prices the very lowest.

GIVE US A CALL.

Thos. R. Frisbee,

GENERAL DEALER

—IN—

DRY-GOODS,

—AND—

GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Flour, Feed, &c.

LUMBER & SHINGLES.

CORYVILLE,

McKEAN CO., PA.

A GOOD CHANCE.

I offer for sale my SAW MILL, GRIST MILL and SHINGLE MILL, located at

FRISBEE STATION,

on the Clermont branch of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad. I will also sell with the above, one good

BOARDING HOUSE,

Four Tennant houses and Forty acres of land. This is one of the best mill sites in the county, the mills are run by a never failing water power, and are located in a good farming country. There is plenty of timber near the mill, and a good run of custom sawing. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to

THOS. FRISBEE,
Coryville, Pa.

[illegible]

NEW

Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO.—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

G. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. C. YOUNG

Has the LARGEST Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

—In the County—

NEW GOODS,

LOW PRICES,

Complete Assortment of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING,

Groceries and Provisions,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' Fine Lace Collars and Hankerchiefs,

Elegant stock Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Large Line of Flannel, and Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings,

A Specialty made of

FINE TEAS.

BEST QUALITY OF CANNED GOODS.

No. 1

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

BEST QUALITY OF

FLOUR AND MEAL

At Lowest Prices,

And every thing else usually kept in a country store. Call and examine for yourself. A pleasure to show goods.

MAIN ST., BACKUS BUILDING,

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 9, 1882.

THE

MECHANIC ST.

GROCERY AND BAKERY

Has the Best

Groceries

And

Provisions,

The Finest Assortment of

Canned Goods,

The Best

50 Cent Tea,

The Choicest Brands of

Tobaccos and Cigars,

And the Finest

WOODBINE FLOUR,

Roller Process, in the Market.

OUR FRESH

Bread and Cakes

Made daily by one of the Most Experienced Bakers in the County.

Call and Examine our Stock and Prices.

ORDERS FOR

SLAB WOOD

left at the store will be promptly filled.

S. J. GIFFORD, Proprietor.

JEWELRY

of all descriptions.

SILVER-WARE

The Best Made.

POCKET CUTLERY

A Full Assortment.

SPECTACLES

AND

EYE-GLASSES!

TOYS,

And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALERS Prices.

I Will match the

'ROCKFORD'

against the world for time and money

All kinds of

REPAIRING

a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.

Call and See us.

M. L. Armstrong,

MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, PURE—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA

AN ERRONEOUS BELIEF.

HOW A MISTAKEN THEORY NEARLY COST A WELL KNOWN MINISTER HIS LIFE.

Chicago Standard.

The following remarkable statement, made by a well known Baptist clergyman, besides the unusual matter of value it contains, will be found most readable and interesting.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have always believed most firmly in the brotherhood of men, and that every human being is in duty bound to assist his fellow man to the full extent of his power. The relations, therefore, of my personal experience will, I trust, prove of benefit to many thousands in this land.

My earlier years were full of health and pleasure. After the completion of my educational studies I undertook the profession of teaching, and under the severe strain to which I was subjected I gradually became reduced so that the least exposure or excitement would bring on sick headache, biliousness and general prostration. I gave up teaching and began to prepare for the ministry, and although I studied hard my health seemed to grow no worse. Finally I commenced preaching, and then my old physical troubles returned. The slightest amount of certain kinds of food distressed me and brought on heavy dullness, dizziness and often great depression of mind. A change of room, atmosphere or clothing was almost certain to cause a cold, accompanied by most painful sufferings. I attributed all this to the severe work I was obliged to do in the ministry, and so did not attempt to remove it. I next began to grow nervous and noticed that my feet were cold, while my left side and back frequently pained me. I felt a drowsy or sleepy sensation after eating, while a little excitement caused me to loose my appetite entirely. At times my spirits would be light and I would feel as if I might live to a good old age, when possibly in less than an hour my head would reel, body ache and I would be overcome with a deathly sickness. After such an attack a cold sweat would break out upon me and this would be followed by complete prostration. It would be impossible to describe the suffering I endured at these times, and yet I attributed it all to overwork and not to any special trouble of disease.

It was more than a year from the time the attacks first began that I consulted a physician. He examined me and declared that my lungs were affected and that I was on the road to consumption. I dreaded this idea and so called upon another doctor. But he told me that same thing, as did also the other medical men whom I consulted. Indeed, they all informed me that unless I went to Colorado, Dakota or the sea coast there was little hope. However, I did not change climate, but tried to continue my work as best I could. A year ago last May and in the November and December following I had three severe attacks of what the doctors said was lung fever or pneumonia. I recovered from these by the most faithful nursing, but I felt all the time as I know now that my troubles did not originate in my lungs, but in some other organs of the body. It is true, I felt severe pains in my lungs and expectorated a good deal. I was extremely sensitive to cold, and the least draft or change of apparel tended to bring on a cold. My breathing was often most difficult and it frequently seemed that with all my exertions I could not get enough air into my lungs to satisfy them or keep my blood pure. As I am large in stature, weighing over 200 pounds, and being in the prime of my usefulness you can imagine how I shrunk from the inevitable fate which seemed to stare me in the face.

One Sunday evening last February, upon coming down from my pulpit, almost prostrated and feeling that possibly would be the last time I should ever enter it again, a member of my church approached me and said: 'Brother Humphrey, I know just what you need to restore you to health. I have been troubled just as you are and I am perfectly well now.' I thanked him for his suggestions, but shook my head sadly, for I felt that there was little hope for me. However after I returned home I began to reflect upon the subject, and finally sent my son to procure some of the medicine which had been so highly recommended. If faith were an element necessary to the success of a medicine, it certainly was lacking in this case, for I was really hopeless. Greatly to my surprise, however, I began to feel much better, and the following Sunday I was able to preach with comparative ease. I continued to grow better as I continued to use the medicine, for it seemed to reach my entire system. I was able to preach, sing and work without exhaustion, and to-day I am a well man, sleep soundly, eat heartily, feel no lung troubles, and I believe I owe my life and health wholly to Warners' Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which I consider a benefaction to suffering humanity.

It is only natural that since my recovery I should feel enthusiastic over the remedy which had restored me and also [illegible] its cures upon others. As a result, I am forced to the conclusion that very much sickness which is supposed to originate in the lungs, arises wholly from disordered kidneys and liver. I believe thousands of people are suffering to-day and looking forward, as I was, to a consumptive's grave, when their lungs are wholly sound and they might be restored to perfect health by the same means that I employed. Believing these truths and realizing their importance to the world, I come out thus openly, and say that I believe, under God, this remedy is a public benefaction, and I would most cordially and earnestly commend it to the world as a blessing to humanity.

REV. D. F. HUMPHREY,
Pastor Baptist church.

AMBOY, Ill., July 26, 1881.

By Neglect

What is at first but a slight cold, becomes a cough, straining and exhausting the lungs till such an inflamed condition exists, that powerful remedies are not always able to stop the disease and the person goes into consumption from mere neglect. Do not be so foolish but use Hamilton's Cough Balsam, which removes the impure matter from the lungs and throat and exerts a healing influence on the diseased parts. Even those who are but the wrecks of their former selves receive wonderful help. In Croup and Whooping Cough it is invaluable. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold at Armstrong's.

That Blessed Barrel.

A SUGGESTION FOR THANKSGIVING.

'Bessie! Bessie!' called Mrs. Lane from the foot of the rough, unpainted stairway.

'Yes, mother, I am just coming,' replied a cheerful voice from the room above.

Now Bessie was usually up betimes to help get breakfast, and to dress the baby. But when a girl of thirteen walks five miles carrying a pretty big basket of eggs in one day, she naturally feels like sleeping an extra half hour the next morning.

'What is it, mother, dear?' asked Bessie, as she hastened into the kitchen on coming down stairs. 'Anything the matter?' For her mother was standing by the pantry door with a pan ful of flour in her hands, and a perpled expression on her face.

'When did aunt Susan say she should be here?' asked Mrs. Lane, looking at Bessie, but still making no movement toward the kitchen table, where the bread tray and kneading board stood ready for use.

Bessie wondered what in the world her mother could be thinking about. 'Do you mean in the letter that came Saturday night?' she asked. 'I think aunty said she hoped to see us about the 20th of October.'

'And now it is- Bessie, what day of the month is it?'

'The 5th, mother, I am sure, because Farmey Ray—'

'Then we must have corn bread for breakfast, not biscuit.' And Mrs. Lane turned quickly into the pantry, emptied the flour back into the half-filled bucket, and presently brought out some yellow corn meal.

Bessie Lane was more mature than most girls of thirteen. Her home surroundings had made her thoughtful beyond her years. She was but a baby when her parents settled on the rough land in Western Kansas, and now there were five children younger, wild mischief loving Bert, gentle Amy, Edwin, a gentle little man of seven, Willie only four, and Baby Sue, the pet of the family.

Many Kansas farmers were in sore trouble, Bessie's father among the number. The terrible drought of the summer had cut off his crops. There was little harvesting to be done. The grass, which shrivelled up in midsummer, left little winter food for cattle. Provisions were exorbitantly high, and money scarce.

Mr. Lane lost all courage, and gloomily brooded over impending struggles. In vain his wife thrusting back her own fears, strove to cheer him. He could see no hope in the future.

Bessie and her mother sat late by the kitchen fire that night, after the rest of the family were in bed, consulting together.

'I want everything pleasant for Susan,' said Mrs. Lane, when at length she told Bessie they must both go to bed. 'She hasn't been here for eight years, and I don't want her to find us unhappy.'

'No, indeed!' said Bessie. 'Isn't it good that we have got into our new house? I am so glad father began to build it last year. To be sure it is not all finished but it is clean and comfortable.'

'And if we can only make your father feel more hopeful, we shall all be happier,' said Mrs. Lane.

'We will try mother,' said Bessie. 'What was it about the flour this morning?' she added, after a little pause.

'We have only a little flour. You know father has but a few bushels of wheat, and I don't know when he will get that ground. We must have flour when Susan is here, so we must be sparing of it now.'

Had anybody peeped into Bessie's room long after midnight, they would have seen by the moonlight a very wide awake girl. Bessie was thinking how she could earn money?

'Here's a letter for you, Mary,' said Mr. Lane several days afterward, as he came into dinner. 'Farmey Ray brought it when he came to see about Brindle.'

'But he isn't going to take her now,' shouted Bert; 'he's going to send a load of hay, and pa and I are going to work for him Saturday!'

There was a general shout of delight, for it had come to be known among the children that the cow must be sold for lack of hay.

'That is good news indeed,' said Mrs. Lane, as she dropped into a chair as if to realize it more fully. 'Is it really so, John?' turning to her husband.

'Yes, really so. Mr. Ray is very kind.'

'But, mother, the letter! the letter!' exclaimed Amy.

Now letters were rare visitors in that Western home, and the children, quite forgetful of dinner, crowded around their mother eagerly, as she opened the letter and read aloud:

'New York, Oct. 1, 1882.'

'Why, how long it has been coming,' said Mrs. Lane, interrupting her reading; then continued:

'DEAR MARY:—I shall probably see you sooner than I expected. I can come the journey with friends by leaving here a week earlier than my original plan. If not detained, I shall arrive on the 13th ——'

'This very day!' murmured a chorus of voices.

'Don't try to meet me. The stage will take me from the depot to Wayne, and there I can easily get a conveyance to your house. With love to each one, your affectionate sister, SUSAN.'

'O, mother, we must fly around and put things in order, and bake, and every thing,' said Bessie, excitedly.

And at the table it was decided that Mr. Lane should go to Wayne that afternoon, exchange a tub of butter for sugar, tea and some other necessaries, and bring 'Aunt Susan' back if he found her.

There could be neither pies nor cake to set before the coming sister. A vision of what she might make if she only had the 'wherewithal' rose before Mrs. Lanes eyes, then she resolutely turned from it and went to work.

'Tarts!' exclaimed Bessie, when after the rooms were in order she came to the kitchen. 'But mother—' and she stopped.

'Ah! I know what you are thinking, Bessie. But there's a jar of jelly hidden away on the top shelf of the closet. I kept for emergencies. You can fill the tarts just before tea. They will make the table look pretty.'

It was dusk when Aunt Susan came,—cheerful, beautiful, warm-hearted Aunt Susan! How she kissed 'Sister Mary' till both sisters laughed and cried hysterically! Then she tried to gather all the rest in her arms, but they were too much for her, and there was a grand confusion of hugs and kisses, which ended with Sue and Willie perching themselves upon her lap, and the rest keeping guard around.

Aunt Susan at once became immensely popular with the little ones. She was so lively, so kind, and understood every one so well. She had nice talks with Bessie, went with Bert to feed the cattle, romped with Amy, helped Edwin with his lessons, told fairy stories to Willie, and made such a family of rag babies for little Sue that the child was in an extacy of delight.

But Aunt Susan quickly discovered the straitened circumstances of the family, and noted the efforts made to conceal lack of money, and the anxiety about the future.

One afternoon she and Bessie strolled out into the fields together. They were gone hours, and Bessie never told even her mother what they talked about all that time. To be sure there was a suspiciuus redness about Bessie's eyes when she returned which would have made almost any one think she had been crying, only she seemed so cheerful and happy otherwise that nobody ever thought of looking into her eyes to hunt for tears.

There was great lamentation when the short visit came to an end, for it was very short. The good aunt had no great supply of money herself, but as she bade her sister good by, she slipped something into her hand, saying, 'In case any of you are taken sick, Mary,' and then she wispered to Bessie. 'Keep up good courage, dear, I shall not forget you.'

One evening the news reached the little farm house, of the day appointed for Thanksgiving. In years past this announcement always brought visions of turkey, plum-pudding and a host of good things. But now the children seemed to think Thanksgiving would not amount to much.

'Well, I can't see as we're much to be thankful for,' exclaimed impulsive Bert, 'my jacket and trousers patched all over, flour's gone, not a turkey, and we haven't a chicken to spare, and Garfield's dead! What can we do Thanksgiving?'

'Remember, we've got the cows,' said Edwin, gravely, 'some people haven't cows.'

'And we have got hay for them,' said Amy.

'And we have our new house,' added Edwin.

'And pussy,' said little Willie, not knowing exactly what they were talking about, but thinking he must say something.

This made them all laugh.

'We certainly have each other, dear children,' said Mrs. Lane who had overheard the conversation, 'have you ever thought of that?'

'And Aunt Susan,' put in Bessie, 'and I am sure we are all thankful for her visit.'

There came no more complaints, yet the days dragged heavily along, and the strictest economy became imperative. Everything looked very dark, but the mother did not lose her trust in God. She believed that in some way He would take care of them.

One cold November evening a couple of days before Thanksgiving, the little household was startled by a thundering knock at the door. There was a very sudden hush among the little ones, who were just having their last frolic before going to bed. Mrs. Lane opened the door.

'If your name is Lane, I guess I have got something for you,' said a rough looking man. 'Come lend a hand, will you.'

And presently, with much rolling and tipping, a big barrel was landed on the kitchen floor, amid the astonished stares of a dozen eyes.

'It came by express,' said the burly teamster, 'but may be you'd a had to wait for it a while, only for Farmer Ray—I'm 'twork at Farmer Ray's.' And warding off the hearty thanks that followed by repeating 'Farmer Ray sent it along, I'm 'twork for Farmer Ray,' he departed.

Bert gave a sharp and loud shout. All of the children crowded around the barrel.

'Who sent it?'

'What's in it?'

'Where's the hammer?'

'Oh, do open it.'

But the confusion of tongues ceased as Mr. Lane brought the hammer and the hatchet, and they watched with breathless interest the unheading of the barrel.

'Oh! Ah! Let me see!' then began all the children as the contents began to appear.

'Hush, children,' said Mr. Lane, 'and here is a letter for your mother. Come, be quiet while she reads it. Here it is, Mary.'

The letter was simply this

'A Thanksgiving remembrance from Susan and Ellen.'

'There! I knew it was from Aunt Susan,' exclaimed Bessie.

'Aunt Ellen's rich, isn't she, mother?' asked Amy.

'Oh, do let's unpack it, right away,' said Bert, eagerly. 'May I help you father?'

What a wonderful barrel that was. It seemed to the children as if one of the stories of the "Arabian Nights" had come true. As the packages were unrolled one after another, the contents were greeted with shouts of laughter and delight. Ah! Thanksgiving had begun already!

There was soft woolen cloth for dresses, an overcoat for father, warm flannel under garments, jackets and trousers—not all new ones, but good, and ready to put on, boots (however did Aunt Susan know the right sizes?), a shawl for mother, a cloak for Bessie, woolen sacques for Amy and Sue, books and newspapers and a package of tea, and—

'See here,' exclaimed Bert, as he drew out a large pasteboard box, 'For Bessie,' it says on it.'

Bessie couldn't say a word, but took the box and untied it.

Worsteds—red, white, blue, black, every color; knitting silk, needles, canvas and a book of printed directions how to make any quantity of fancy things. And a little note from Aunt Susan, telling her that there was to be a Fair at their church next March, and that she and Aunt Ellen would buy all the pretty things she could make up before that time.

'Oh, mother!' said Bessie, softly, while her eyes filled with tears, 'this is just what I wanted. For now I can earn something to help us get through the winter.'

In the very bottom of the box there was another note—from Aunt Ellen. It enclosed a little 'Thanksgiving gift,' which Bessie was to expend as she 'thought best.'

A tumultuous time followed, and Bert, standing with arms akimbo gazing with satisfaction on the littered kitchen floor, expressed the feeling of every one of them when he impulsively exclaimed:

'That blessed old barrel! Well, I'll never think even way down in my own heart that we're nothing to be thankful for, so long as we have dear Aunt Susan!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

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Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

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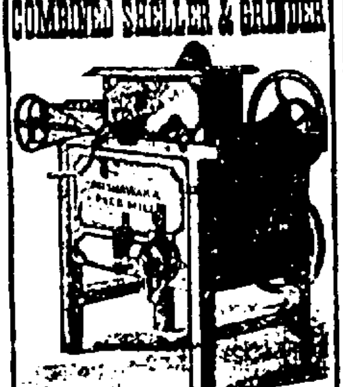

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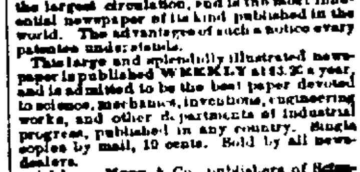

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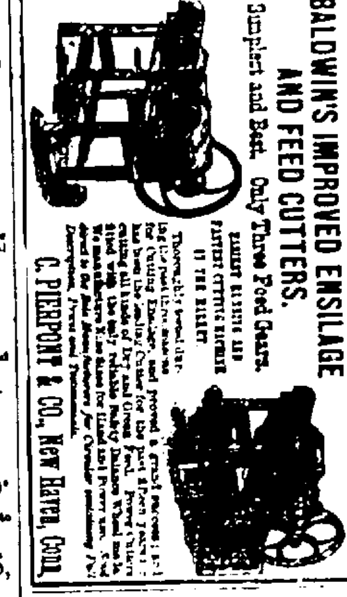

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BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD Time Table. Takes effect [illegible] September 18, 1882.

SOUTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	7	[illegible]	[illegible]
	A. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford.............Dep	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erie Crossing	8 12	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tarport	8 23	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chapin	8 34	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hazlewood	8 37	[illegible]	[illegible]
Forest	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taylor	8 44	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kinzua Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Allens	8 56	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Davis Switch	9 04	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Vleck's	9 06	[illegible]	[illegible]
Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ormsby's	9 24	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Cut	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Smethport.............Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NORTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	A. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Smethport.............Dep	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Cut	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ormsby's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Vleck	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Davis Switch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Allens	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kinzua Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taylor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Forest	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hazlewood	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chapin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tarport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erie Crossing	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford.............Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains will be run by New York [illegible]

During Court week the [illegible] p. m. [illegible] held at Smethport until 6.00 p. m.

All Passenger Trains make [illegible] at Kinzua Junction with trains [illegible] Kane City and Bordell.

SUNDAY TRAIN leave Bradford [illegible] m. and arrives at Smethport at [illegible] leaves Smethport at 9:35 a. m. and arrives [illegible] at 11:00.

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Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R'y.

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NORTHWARD.			STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD.	
a. m.	p. m.	p. m. Ar.		Lv. a. m.	[illegible]
8 56	7 10	12 26	Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]
8 36	[illegible]		Ebenezer	[illegible]	[illegible]
8 25	[illegible]		Spring Brook	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Elma	[illegible]	[illegible]
8 14	[illegible]		Jamison	[illegible]	[illegible]
8 01	[illegible]	12 21	East Aurora	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 51	[illegible]		Wales	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 40	[illegible]		Holland	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 30	[illegible]		Protection	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 22	[illegible]	11 50	B. & S. W. R. R. Jun	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 44	Arcade	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 07	[illegible]		Yorkshire	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 25	Machias Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 41	[illegible]	11 15	Franklinville	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Ischua	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 15	[illegible]	10 47	Hinsdale	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 30	Erie R'ly June	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 24	Olean	[illegible]	[illegible]
a. m.	[illegible]	10 14	Westons	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Portville	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Eldred	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	9 41	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	9 35	Hartwell	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	9 31	Turtle Point	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	9 20	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Liberty	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Keating	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Shippen	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Emporium	[illegible]	[illegible]
	p.m.	a. m. Lv.		Ar. p. m.	[illegible]

B. N. Y & P. R. R.—CLERMONT BRANCH.

Lv Northw'd		STATIONS.	[illegible]	
P. M.	A. M.		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	9.05	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.52	9.00	Frisbee	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.42	8.52	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.30	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.10	8.25	Crosby	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Colegrove	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8.10	Hamlin	[illegible]	[illegible]
1.52	7.56	Wernwag	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7.45	Clermont	[illegible]	[illegible]

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

OLEAN, BRADFORD & WARREN [illegible]

Leave Bradford for Olean at 7.15 [illegible] and 2.30 and 4.40 p. m. Arrive from [illegible] at 8.47 a. m. and 1.05, 4.15 and 6.45 p. m.

SUNDAY trains leave Bradford for [illegible] at 9:15 a. m. and 3.15 p. m. Arrive from [illegible] 12.10 and 5.23 p. m.

On Bradford extension to Warren trains leave Bradford for Warren at [illegible] and 4:30 p. m. Arrive from Warren [illegible] m., 4.25 p. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford at 8.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Arrive from Warren at 12.05 and 6.40 p. m.

KENDALL & ELDRED R. R.

Leave Bradford for Eldred at [illegible] 1.45 and 4.55 p. m. Arrive from Eldred [illegible] a. m., 1.15, and 7.30 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford for Eldred at 3.45 p. m. Arrive from Eldred at 11.00 a. m.

WM. S. BALDWIN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't.

J. W. WATSON, Sup't, Narrow Gauge [illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R. Time Table, takes effect [illegible] September 29th, 1882.

A. M. EASTWARD.		STATIONS.	[illegible]	
P. M.	P. M.		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.40	Coudersport	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hammonds	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Newsome	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pomeroy Bridge	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Silver Spring	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains run on New York time.

B. A. McCLURE, [illegible]

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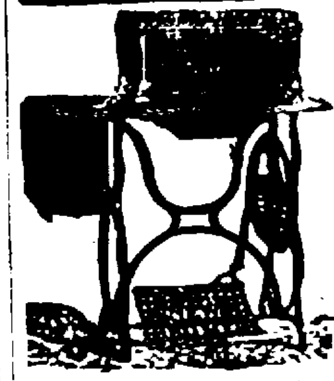

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